

T H E
Court Lady's Tale,
O R, A
Tale from the D— of M—

Since Tales are so much the new Mode of the City,
And Tales new and old are set out so Witty,
Then *Rome* for a Tale that now will be fit yee.
'Tis not a Tale of Green Stockings, I say,
Nor of old *Dunkirk* that we did be Tray;
To *Lewis le Grand*, nor the Tale of a Sor,
Nor yet the old Tale of *Swany the Sor*.
Nor a Tale of a Tub, nor yet of a Nettle,
Nor Tale of Tinker that ruins the Kettle.
Nor a Tale of a Whig, nor yet of a Tory,
Nor a Tale of old Stories that has gone before ye;
Nor a Tale of blessed *Titus* that discover'd a Plot,
Nor a Tale Forty that won't be forget.
Nor a Tale of the West, where the Sains did Swing well,
Nor the Tale of old *Rumball* that went down to Hell:
Nor the Tale of *Arnold* that his Throat Cut before,
And put it on Papist, like a Son of Whore.
Nor the Tale of the Fire of *London* I'm sure,
That was done by the Whigs even at their own door.
Nor a Tale of *Godfrey* that murder'd himself,
Tho. Green, *Berry* and *Hill* where hang for that Elf.
Nor the Tale of Queen *Gatherine*, nor yet of Queen *Dick*,
Nor of *Presbyter* Sons that went to old Nick.
Nor a Tale of Young *Hambden* that Cut his own Throat;
For Treason the Parliament once did then Vote.
Nor a Tale of Young *Femmy* that once was betrayd,
By *Presbyter Jack* while they did invade.
The Throne of old *Charles*, the Second I mean,
As in his Just Reign it plainly was see.
Nor the Tale of old *Femmy* that was abdicated,
Nor of the Convention that hotly debated.
That pious good Work that by Saints alone,
Was hapily carry'd in defence of the Throne.
Nor the Tale of a Warming pan, as it was said.
That did bring the Pretender in his Mother's Bed.
Nor yet of great *Blencow* that Sanctify'd deed,
That at its Relation made all Hearts to bleed.
Nor the Tale of the Irish that betrayd old K. *Femmy*,
For the laker of Money in the Rolls of *Kilkenny*.
Nor the Tale of the Pretenders in Vasion of Scotland,
Nor any thing else then offending the Land.
Nor yet of the Pisspot of Silver so clear,
Where watter was made in old *Oxfordshire*.
But the Tale I shall tell; you'll hardly believe,
And when I relate it 'twill make your Heart bleed:
'Tis the Tale of Priest that defended his Church.
From ravenous Wolves that would it have lurch'd.
In spite of all the Law they were resolv'd to share,
The Preferments around that was good every where;
They long'd for the same as I have been told,
And wou'd have it seems without Silver and Gold.
They could not in Conscience Conform heretofore,
But Interest has made 'em now do it all ore.
When he had unravelled there Mistry quite,
And stuck in Defence of the Churches own right.
He then told 'em plain of their knavish Intention,
And boldly did all their Wickedness mention.
For which it seems they would Roit him again
Others for gutring him it was very plain.
Some were hanging the Doctor in earnest,
Others for Mobbing they were not in jest.
They all were for mischiefs as it was then said,
And the poor Doctor was incustody laid.
And at last to a Tryal was brought with speed,
And cast in Defence of this Noble great deed.
Thus who's safe in defending the Church,
When all in the World would leave it in lurch.
Therefore remembering that Noble good deed,
And look to your selves with great care and heed;
Now such you intrust with your good Governments
Best when 'tis to late you do it Repent.

Printed in the Year, 1710.